Enter Bastard

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard sonne of *Priams.*

Therſ: I am a bastard too, I loue bastards. I am bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in minde, bastard in valour, in euery thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrells most ominous to vs, if the sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement, farewell bastard.

Bast. The diuell take thee coward. *Exit.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life;
Now is my daies worke done ile take my breth:
Rest sword thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil: Loke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set,
How ougly night comes breathing at his heeles
Euen with the vaile and darkning of the Sunne,
To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes strike; this is the man I seeke,
So Illion fall thou next, come Troy sinke downe,
Here lies thy heart, thy sinnewes and thy bone.
On *Myrmydons*, and cry you all amaine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine, *Retreat.*
Harke a retire vpon our Grecian prat.

One: The Troyans trumpet sound the like my Lord.

Achil: The dragon wing of night orespreds the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My halfe supt sword that frankly would haue fedde,
Pleas'd with this dainty baite: thus goes to bed:
Come tie his body to my horses taile,
Along the field I will the Troyan traile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agam: Aiax, Mene: Nestor, Diom: and the rest marching.

Aga. Hark, harke, what is this?

Nest.